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VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1873. No. 9.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '74.

EDITED BY HENRY W. CHANDLER AND FRANK P. MOULTON.

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1873.

BATES COLLEGE,
November, 1873.

DEAR SIR:—

The renewal of your subscription to ***"THE BATES STUDENT,"*** *which will be published during the year* 1874, *by the class of* '75, *under the editorship of* ARTHUR S. WHITEHOUSE *and* FRANK H. SMITH, *is respectfully solicited.*

THE STUDENT *contains all college news, and articles on subjects of educational and literary interest.*

Terms, ***$1.00*** *per year, always in advance.*

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All subscriptions and business letters should be addressed to "The Manager,"

J. HERBERT HUTCHINS,

Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1873. No. 9.

A SUMMER AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

CHAPTER III.

"WELL, Willie boy, it seems that you and the fair Lady of the Lake have begun to take post-nocturnal ante-diurnal perambulations through the forest primeval."

The speaker was Reynolds. It was an hour after breakfast, and the two young men were in their room, comfortably seated before the open windows, Reynolds engaged in smoking, and Arnold in reading.

"Shades of Dr. Johnson! Begun to take what?" demanded "Willie boy," looking up from his paper.

"Walks through the woods at early dawn."

"I don't understand that girl, Dick." He spoke with some seriousness, and laid his paper aside. "She is even more inexplicable than the most of her sex. I got up early this morning and started off on a walk to the beach. I found her there. We fell into a conversation which so interested me that I forgot the passage of time."

"Yes," observed Dick drily. "It must have been highly entertaining to both of you; you were rather late at the breakfast table, I noticed. If I may be allowed to ask it, what was the theme on which you mutually discoursed — the beauties of nature, or, perchance, co-education of the sexes?"

"Neither."

"Ah! Your remark that you met the damosella at the beach, and was highly entertained by her conversation, was prefaced by the observation that she is a very inexplicable creature. Unless her strangeness is evinced by the fact that she succeeded in making you forget your breakfast, I fail to see the justness of your observation. I don't know how it is with you, but as for me,

> 'A maiden by the water's brink,
> A simple maiden is to me,
> And she is nothing more.'"

"If you will stop your nonsense," said Arnold, "I will tell you how our conversation began, and the things which she said that perplexed me."

"Proceed."

With a serious look and tone, Arnold repeated the first part of his conversation with Miss Harlow, and his auditor was attentive and silent.

"Indeed, 'tis passing strange," quoth Dick. "'Tis to be feared that falling into the lake the other day, and salvation by you, hath crazed the maid. Now if I had — but pardon me, I meant to be serious, for I see that you are truly so. You said that the fair and mysterious creature saluted you in *la langue française?*"

"Yes."

"That shows her pedantry."

"I see no more evidence of pedantry in her than I do in you."

"If you see as much, the maid is a pedant *certe*. I confess with sorrow that it would be hard to find anywhere a more mournful instance than I am, of the truth of that saying, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." And I could not drink deeply of the Pierian spring if I would; I haven't capacity enough."

This was said with such a lugubrious look and tone, that Arnold smiled. Dick went on.

"Set a rogue to catch a rogue. Why not set a pedant to catch a pedant? I tell you the maid likes to tell what she knows, and delights to converse about number one. Nor is it surprising. If I should become a member of a Young Ladies' Institute, I suppose that *my* mind would become the dance-hall of fantastic notions, and I might even demand to be looked upon as a prodigy. You say that the fair collegian remarked that she is accustomed to wake with the dawn and rise with the lark, for which fact she is at a loss to account."

"Pshaw! You make everything appear ridiculous. She didn't put it that way."

"No matter; that's it in substance. I don't wonder she's puzzled. They say, Will, that there are not many girls in these degenerate days that get up with the lark, or, in fact, any other bird. She's one of the anomalies. I wonder if it ever occurred to her that the reason she wakes up is that she has finished her nap? Problems which at first seem difficult are often, after all, easily solved. You say she sometimes wishes when she retires that she might never awake. That is lamentable truly, yet not very strange. We are all hypochondriacal at times. Why, only four days ago, I myself had the blues and was as cerulean as Hodge's proboscis used to be at chapel exercises last winter mornings."

Arnold smiled at the allusion, but it was plain to see that he was irritated by his friend's levity and evident sarcasm.

"The maiden also remarked," continued Dick, "that some souls stand under the sun, and yet are in darkness. That is to say, having eyes they see not. She must have referred to the blind. The remark showed her sympathy. Finally she pointed across the lake and said something about not being able to pick the leaves off the distant trees, and then she laughed. You were stupid, Will, not to laugh too. The remark was truly funny. I think —"

"No matter what you think," interrupted Arnold, starting to his feet and speaking somewhat hurriedly. "You have gone quite far enough. I don't relish your nonsense on this subject. The impression which you have received from that girl seems to differ from mine, and hereafter we will hold

no conversations about her. But let me here say to you that she is not, as you seem to think, full of conceit and affectation. Possessing by nature a mind of unusual keenness, beauty and activity, and a strong, independent will, she has met with some strange experience which has put her ajar with the world and made her a problem among men and women — a problem which I feel a desire and impulse to study and solve; and I shall do it. You and I are good friends, but we are of different natures, and it is perhaps natural that we should not see and feel alike in all things. If you cannot sympathize with me, and participate in my sudden interest in this matter, respect at least my feelings, and let us converse no more about the matter."

He ceased. Dick was silenced. For a moment he looked straight at Arnold with his eyes wide open, saying nothing.

"Cannot sympathize with you," he then repeated. "Why, my dear fellow, I have all the sympathy for you which could be desired." The word for was slyly emphasized. "But since you are in such dead earnest, perhaps I can assist you a little. When I awoke this morning and discovered your absence, I determined to arise and go in search of you. Accordingly, having donned my habiliments, I emerged from the edifice and sought the carriage-road that leads through the woods to the 'city,' as they call it. This metropolis, I am informed, numbers, according to the last census, about two hundred souls, counting the dogs which congregate before the corner grocery *in vastis multitu—tu—din—multitudinibus!* Whew! I didn't dream that word was so tall when I began it. Did I get it right, Will? 'Thou art a scholar.'"

"O, stop your nonsense, and go on."

"Well, there's nothing like inaccurate scholarship; but to my tale. I had not proceeded far when I met a villain. Ah? I *know* he is a villain, Will, for though he tried to look as blank and harmless as a Chinese god, I saw a light in his eye that didn't suggest the domestic circle and the Sabbath-school. I wanted to call him Mephistopheles right off. Externally he was youthful, stylish and courteous — a whited sepulchre — within, full of dead men's bones."

"Hold there!" cried Arnold, smiling. "You are too hard on the stranger."

"Not a bit of it. I could *see* the bones. They stuck out in plain sight during our brief conversation. Why, the fellow scarcely spoke a dozen sentences, yet he told two lies, and had all he could do to keep from swearing horribly."

"Why so? Did you have any quarrel with him?"

"Oh, no; we were both quiet and polite enough, but you see, profanity is the villain's accustomed speech, and to avoid it, he had to pick his way as carefully as a barefooted boy in a bed of thistles."

"Well, you have abused the fellow enough. What did he say?"

"He wanted me to tell him if among the recent arrivals at the Homestead was a Miss Harlow. It seems that Mephistopheles himself puts up somewhere in the haunts of the aforesaid city of Dogville."

"Miss Harlow! Indeed! What does he know about her? What did he want?" demanded Arnold.

"I suppose he is impressed, and wants to learn about her. Nothing surprising in that, you know."

"How did he know of the existence of such a person, and that she was coming here?"

"Can't tell you. Perhaps she has been here before."

"She has — she told me so this morning; she was here last year."

"Perhaps, then, this fellow met her here; and it may be that he has seen her elsewhere, since then."

"Did you tell him she had come?"

"Yes."

"And what did he say more?"

"Nothing about our Lady of the Lake; he only — There!" suddenly cried Dick, interrupting himself, half rising and pointing out of the window — "I declare, Will, there's Mephist — phist — phist — O bother the tongue of me! — phisto — that's what I 'll call him, there's Phisto himself?"

Arnold came hastily and looked in the direction indicated. Just where the path, which led to the beach, took a quick turn and passed out of sight near the edge of the woods, he saw a man, dressed in light clothes, standing idly, and looking toward the house. Turning from the window, Arnold paced the floor a moment, lost in deep thought, and then, taking his hat, he left the room. Dick suspected his purpose, and continued looking from the window. In a moment he saw his friend pass beneath the elms and walk leisurely toward the stranger. The latter, as Arnold drew near, turned into the beach path and passed out of sight. Soon Arnold followed, and Dick could see him no longer. Then he burst into a laugh which ended in a chuckle and with a shake of the head. "I must keep an eye on this affair; there may be something in it after all; and Will seems in such dead earnest."

Shortly after, he too left the room, with the intention of going over to the little village of Dogville, as he had called it, but which was known through the surrounding country as Maple Corner, and was situated at the distance of about two miles from the Homestead. His way lay directly through the woods in a southwesterly direction. The beach path, as we have before indicated, extended almost due north along the western shore of Homestead Lake.

As he walked along over the smooth turf and by the western wing of the house, between it and the lofty, overshadowing elms, the outgushing song of a bird caused him suddenly to look up. The songster was concealed amid the foliage of a long branch which swept down, like a green cascade, toward an open window in the second story. In this window, and only half hid by the intervening branch, was a sight which arrested his progress and filled him with instant admiration. The face which he saw was that of a young girl "on the very eve of womanhood." It was not one to be passed heedlessly by and soon forgotten. No one ever saw it once without wishing to see it again. It was such a face as high-souled poets see in their dreams and sing in their songs, and religious artists love to paint. Reynolds gazed

delighted. His approach had not disturbed the maiden's reverie; her figure was motionless; she was looking upward at the slightly swaying tree-tops and perhaps into the blue sky beyond.

"There was a sweetness in her upturn'd eyes,
A tearful lustre, such as fancy lends
To the Madonna, and a soft surprise,
As if they found strange beauty in the air."

Ah! well art thou remembered, May Moreland, and thy rare worth in a faultful world; for thou wast not one to be forgotten, though the years go by, and deepening shadows veil the past, and many a scene and many a face which we have loved be recalled no more forever; as thou wast seen but yesterday it seems, thou art to-day, and shalt aye be seen through the long to-morrow; the glowing summer skies recall thee, and the fleecy clouds thou didst love to watch; the groves, the brooks recall thee, the birds and flowers and all things beautiful; thou art still present and the sweet influence of thy beauty, thy purity and thy love, shall never pass away; thy memory, like the soul, is immortal.

"Who is she?" Reynolds spoke in whisper, with his eyes still fixed on the upturned face.

Reader, we speak but little more of her now. The day before, she and her elder brother, with their widowed mother, had reached the Homestead. Since their arrival May Moreland had hardly left her room, and Reynolds had not seen her before the song of the bird invited his upward glance, as he walked beneath the elms.

This morning she was fully recovered from the effects of her long journey, and hereafter she would be seen in the parlor below and out of doors. She sat by the window seeing pleasant visions in the air, judging from the smile on her lip; and yet they must at times have been more deeply joyous or full of sadness, for her blue eyes glistened with tears that started, though they fell not. Suddenly the singing of the bird on the branch near by attracted her attention. It was a song of greeting to her, she thought. She smiled brightly at the thought, and nodded a welcome to the little warbler. Then she caught sight of the admiring Reynolds. Their eyes met. Audaciously he lifted his hat and bowed, as though her nod had been intended for him. She started, blushed, and withdrew from the window. Reynolds turned quickly aside, and, filled with the brightness of the vision, went on his way rejoicing. Thereafter he loved the singing of the birds more than ever before, and his mind was full of poetic thoughts which entwined themselves, like the clinging ivy, about a second-story window half hidden by the branch of an elm tree.

THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

THROUGH the long watches of the silent night,
Weeping and lone I wait;
And wonder where the hours have taken flight,
'T is grown so late.

I little dreamed my life could be more sweet
With him I loved, not here;
Yet now, alas! the time is all too fleet
That brings him near.

The stars peep forth and twinkle out of sight,
As filled with vague alarms;
Like some shy boy that seeks, in sudden fright,
His mother's arms.

The moon keeps guard o'er all the starry throng,
Like a fond mother's eye;
Yet seems to say my heart's sad mourning-song
Shall never die.

This is a time for silence; or for tears
To drown my sorrows in;
Silence, that I may listen when he nears;
Tears, for his sin.

For, when he comes, his dull brain has forgot
Her he was fain to wed;
And so I weep, like Rachel, and may not
Be comforted.

Yet hark! I hear his spirit through the night
Unto my spirit call;
Ah, well! if *now* my hopes must take to flight,
'T is once for all.

LETTERS FROM A LOG HOUSE.

II.

IROQUOIS, *July 7th*, 18—.
Saturday Eve.

DEAR Chum,—Again I am in that same log house. I wish I could describe to you the oddity, the queerness, the funniness of my bed-room and its surroundings. But I have so many things to tell you, that I will describe it in my next letter.

I *did* go out to see the village I am to canvass, after I finished the letter I was writing. It is beautifully situated upon the St. Lawrence. The houses in the village are mostly made of stone; in the rural districts logs are used for building purposes. As soon as I had examined the village and got my courage up, I called on Rev. W. R. Dyre. With fear and trembling I described to the reverend man the merits of my book, which, I said, I was introducing into Canada, hoping thereby to reclaim thousands of his people from ignorance and superstition, to a fuller knowledge of the Scriptures, and a diviner insight into the government and influence of Christ's kingdom in this world. I discoursed upon the influence which he, as a clergyman, might have in aiding me to circulate a book of such merit among his people; of the blessing it would be to himself and family; and of the great help it would be to him in preparing his sermons for the Sabbath. After careful consideration and due deliberation, he consented to take a book at clergyman's price—that is, half price. Ridiculous! is all I can say when I think of such talk to an intelligent clergyman. But that is the way of the world. It is easy to see our *past* follies; and they should teach us to avoid many foolish blunders in the future, for

> 'Tis folly for follies to follow follies past,
> While sorrows for past, repented follies last.

As I did not then see my folly, I committed the same mistake again. I called upon Rev. I. F. Mavety, and repeated the same exhortation, with the same result. Not yet having learned my folly, I called upon Rev. N. F. Steenburgh; but a decided "*No, Sir*" gave me to understand that he was a man who knew his own business best. This sudden rebuff gave me a feeling of sad humiliation. Regaining courage, however, I next called upon Mr. Ouderkirk, the High School teacher. The result was a polite, but decided, refusal to take the book. His manner was so gentlemanly and kind, that I thought I should have liked to spend my vacation with him and his family, instead of attempting to sell books. Since this could not be, I came out upon the street, but every cottage door seemed to have an unwelcome look as I passed it, so I did not venture to call upon any one else.

I do not have quite as much courage for the business as I did when I left the college. I should quite as soon be at home under the parental roof, where dwells quiet contentment. But there are some pleasures mixed with the ills. It was a pleasure to see that teacher's cottage. It is situated on a village street, only a few rods from the love-

liest of rivers. The cottage is a small square building, made of brick-shaped stones of such dimensions as to present a frontage about two feet long and eight inches wide. These stones are slate-colored, and they are laid in pure white lime which appears to enclose them like a narrow frame, and gives them an unusually pleasing appearance. Between the cottage and the river is a beautiful green lawn. The door-yard is adorned with the choicest flowers of the season. The gateway is lined with low trees and shrubbery of varied foliage; towering above which are stately maples and elms. Sitting in flowery fragrance upon the door-steps, one can look beneath the branches of the trees and across the lawn, directly upon the river's gently flowing waters.

[*Postscript.*]

AT THE HOTEL, Sunday Evening.

I came back to my old room in the hotel to stop over Sunday. I am lonely enough! I have just been meditating upon my condition and prospects. I am a financial wreck. My ship is fast among the dreary shoals of a desolate coast where it seems destined to remain for a long time. I am lonely, homesick, discouraged, friendless, moneyless, among foreigners. In an inn! He alone who has had the misfortune to be delayed in such a place for a few days, can realize the lonely feelings those words suggest. Before taking breakfast, I stepped to the door to see if things looked any more familiar or welcome than they did yesterday. On arriving at the door, the first object of interest that met my gaze was a family goat, which, with distended udder, stood tied to the door, ready to supply the table with its allowance of milk. From this unwelcome appearance of domestic economy, I turned away, and lingered in the bar room till I heard the announcement that breakfast was ready. After partaking of an unrelished breakfast, I came to my room, of which loneliness was the sole occupant. For two hours, I sat here in dreamy meditations and lonesome longings for the time to pass. I then sauntered to the window and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church. Soon the bells ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then ventured into the street and followed along to church. In Canada the churches are denominated Wesleyan Methodist, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, and the English Church. I chanced to enter one of the latter. The services were conducted very much as the Catholic services are in the States. The bowing, and kneeling, and standing, and responsive reading, and concert praying, presented a very serio-comic picture. Added to all this clattering of voices and frequent change of position, was the whistle of the steamers impiously ploughing the river, whose placid waters seemed to indicate that everything should be at rest; and to heighten the scene of confusion still further, several iron horses successively passed the church, snorting after one another in hideous fright.

After the services, I came to my hotel, dined, and locked myself into my lonely room again. I tried to read, but could not. Every line contained the imagined words, "moneyless," "friendless," contrasted with "far-

distant home" and "remote sympathy." You will not wonder such thoughts presented themselves in language, when I disclose to you the fact that I had only money enough to bring me here; that I have labored hard for three days with no success; that I am several hundred miles from home, without money enough to get back, and have no means of earning any. I shall kill time to-day (if that don't kill me), and I mean to wage war with Fortune to-morrow, hoping that I may be victorious and bring her to more favorable terms next week. Hoping you have written before this, I shall expect to hear from you in a few days. You cannot conceive of the delight a letter from you would give me. But I must close. Write often. Well, good bye — I don't know how Fortune and I shall manœuvre next week.

Your affectionate Chum,

JACOB GREENWOOD.

Four days before receiving this letter, I had written to Jacob; he therefore received my letter about the same time I received his. I was exceedingly glad that I *had* written to him before I received this doleful letter, for, at that time, I wrote him a very encouraging letter; but at this news I felt certain that Chum must make a failure. In fact, I began to think I should be obliged to send him money to come home with. With these feelings, I wrote a second letter, expressing my sad disappointment and regret for his failure. But alas! how fickle is Fortune, and how easily overcome in battle with Pluck! Chum *was* victorious, as I learned in a few days from a letter he wrote me in answer to my first one. When I read this letter I thought it was a curious circumstance that I should be writing Jacob a joyful letter, and he me, a sad one; and in a few days I should be writing him a sorrowful letter, and he me a joyful one. Such was the fact, as the following shows: —

IROQUOIS, *July 14th*, 18—.

My Dear Chum, — I am having a jolly time! I have earned money enough to get home with, so I am all right. I was exceedingly glad to receive your most welcome letter. It was so full of encouragement and sympathy that I read it and re-read it several times. But it came too late. I had recovered from my homesickness before I heard from you. I have laughed many times about my despondency, since I began to have better success. That is the way with us all. We like to laugh at our former weaknesses and our former blunders; but we don't like to admit our present follies. I often wonder whether this is to make folks think we are growing wiser. I don't want you to think that is the case with me, Chum, but I do want to tell you how bad I did feel on that Sunday afternoon when I wrote you. Well, at that time, I did not care one whit whether I lived or died. Once I really wished I was dead. Yes, Chum, I got to supposing and I said to myself, suppose I should throw myself under the cars (was it not a wicked thought?) and be killed; and suppose I should not die instantly, but suppose the men should gather round me when I was in great agony and ready to die, and I should tell them to send my body

home. Yes, Chum, I thought these thoughts over so many times in imagination, that they seemed real; and I wept. And I further thought I should tell my folks to request Mr. C—— to preach my funeral sermon from these words: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." And I thought I should want to be buried with a copy of Milton's Paradise Lost in my hand, because that was the dearest book of my life. Now were not those queer and solemn thoughts?

But, as I told you, I am having better success and a fine time this week. I have been traveling about, and learning the habits of these Canadians. It is fun to stop over night and sleep in a log house. I am in the garret of a log house now. The bark, even, is not hewn from the logs of which these houses are built. The upper and under sides of the logs are hewn just enough to make them fay together. Sometimes, however, the logs are so uneven that they leave crevices which are filled with mortar or turf. The logs which form the sides of these houses are about fifteen or twenty feet long; and those which form the ends are about ten or fifteen feet long. Such a log house contains only one story and an attic. Log houses are always colored brown,—the sun's favorite color. They seldom contain more than four windows. I saw one house, which belonged to a respectable farmer, which contained but three windows; each window contained but four panes of glass; and in one room each pane of glass was broken, leaving merely a bald opening between the unhewn logs. A single tier of boards forms the partitions in the Canadian log houses. Sometimes there are no partitions, and as many as four beds are promiscuously huddled into one apartment. There are no chimneys, but the stove funnels protrude through the roofs of the houses. In summer, however, the stoves are placed at the side of the houses, and over them is erected a temporary shelter; under this shelter the women do their cooking. This reminds one of the convenience and economy which the Irishmen in our cities seem to aim at in erecting their pig-houses. These people rarely sweep their chamber stairs, for they seldom have any. They go up to the chamber, or garret, on a ladder; when they wish to go down to the cellar, they have only to take up a trap-door in the middle of the kitchen floor and find a ladder awaiting their descent.

When the family becomes numerous, they have a curious way of putting the children away to sleep in a large box. These boxes are about eight feet long, four feet wide and two feet high. The back side and the bottom of the box remain stationary; the front side and top are fastened together at the upper front edge of the box, and turn upon hinges at the lower front edge. The box remains closed during the day, but at night the top and front side are turned down, so that what was the front side becomes an addition to the bottom, and what was the top becomes the front side of an open box or bed. Such a bed accommodates several small specimens of the flock.

The young lasses and the old women are never caught darning stockings, for

they wear that peculiar kind of stockings which grow up when holes are made in them. Sheep furnish material for the women's dresses and the men's trowsers; pigs furnish the family with meat. One who sits down at their table is not afraid of spilling the coffee upon the table-cloth, for the table-cloth is not there, and the coffee is always tea. The usual supply at dinner consists of potatoes, salt pork, a few small raw onions for salad, and a huge pile of bread. They never make biscuit; the bread is baked in loaves about one foot long, six inches wide and three inches thick. The loaves are cut crosswise into slices six inches long and three inches broad. When dinner is ready, the mistress of the house, with the family tea-pot in one hand, and a dirty-faced, year-old urchin hanging over the other arm, begins to call the family in:

"Come Betsey, Susan, Em'ly, Alexander and John, dinner's ready," calls the mother of the flock, in a loud halloo, and continues, "Come, come, Rufus, don't keep us waitin'; I'd ruther git tew dinners, as git so many young ones round the table,—speshly when there's a stranger 'n the house. Bill! do go tell yer pa to come 'long in t' 'is dinner! Jane, have ye called yer Aunt Judith?"

By this time the children are gathering round the table like flies round a cup of molasses, and the mother in a milder tone says, "Come—, I've forgut yer name?"

"Greenwood, Jacob Greenwood," I suggested.

"Well, come, Mr. Greenwood, you must be hungry by this time, so set in and take a dinner."

After a little squalling among the little ones, and some sputtering between John and Jane, we all sat round the table and proceeded to satisfy our craving appetites with pork and potatoes. There was a momentary silence, uninterrupted save by an occasional whisper from some one of the children who were ogling me; then the *paterfamilias* said in a voice which indicated his descent from a mixture of French, English, Irish and Scotch, "I understand you are round sellin' the Bible, are ye?"

"Not exactly the Bible, but a history of the Bible. It is designed for young people, and I see you have quite a family, so I would like to show you the book after dinner."

"Well, you may show it, but I don't think it's any use, for the boys and gals don't read much, and then money's hard to git."

After dinner was over, I "talked up" the book to the whole family, stationing Betsey, Susan, Emily and Alexander on one side; John, Rufus, Bill and Jane on the other; with Aunt Judith, pa and ma'am looking over my shoulder. I commenced by showing the engraving which represents Christ saying "Suffer little children to come unto me." While I was explaining the engraving, Aunt Judith exclaimed abruptly,

"Did you say that was Peter?"

"Yes, madam, that man at the left of the engraving."

"Ah! I thought 'twas him; it looks just like him."

"Yes, I think it does," I said know-

ingly, as if I had been contemporary with Peter.

"Wa'n't the people large and handsome in them days," added the mother.

By this time the children had become intensely interested, and Betsey ran to bring the year-old boy that he might see the pictures; but the mother stopped her by saying, "Leave him alone, leave him be!"

"You see how interested your children will be in reading this book," said I to the father.

"Well, I do' know; is it best to have one, Betsey Jane?" said he, hesitatingly, to his wife.

"Yes, if you can pay for it," responded Betsey Jane.

"Well, we'll try and sell a few extra bushels of barley this fall, and give the hogs less. If they don't grow quite as big, we shall have pork enough for the family."

After I took the man's name I enquired who lived in the log house over in yonder field.

"Nathan Larue," said Mrs. Betsey Jane. "You take that pad [path] there; it leads ye right up to his'n housen."

Thus ended my visit with that family; and it gives you a very correct idea of what I have been doing this week.

So Jesse Brag went out canvassing and failed, did he? I don't know as I can say now that I am pleased that Jesse has flunked, for I know how to sympathize with him. If he had been several hundred miles from home without any money, he would have been forced to success.

But it is growing dark in this garret, for there is only one window; so I must stop writing and bid you good night.

Yours joyfully,

JACOB GREENWOOD.

HAWTHORNE'S SCARLET LETTER.

WORKS of fiction may be divided into three classes; those founded on fact, those drawn entirely from the imagination, and those in which the psychological is an important element of interest.

Of the first, the Waverley Novels are, perhaps, the best examples. Of the second, there is a small proportion that is good, but the country is flooded with the worst in the form of serial stories in such newspapers as the *New York Ledger*, *New York Mercury*, and many others of the same type. Bulwer's "Strange Story" is a good example of the third class; while the book which is the subject of this essay seems to claim relationship to those of the first and third classes. Although the author carefully avoids the actual introduction of ghosts upon the scene, the ghostly element plays no unimportant part, and lends an absorbing interest to the tale.

He displays the greatest skill in representing that kind and degree of psy-

chological development, or perhaps disorder, which utterly subordinates matter to mind, and in turn subordinates mind to a morbid imagination.

In accomplishing this he by no means produces a picture of every-day life. On the contrary, no imagination less powerful and less erratic than his could have invented a series of such wonderful and extraordinary mental experiences as are recorded in this volume.

Few men possess so profound a knowledge of the more subtile elements of the soul, but far more rare is it to find those elements so intimately yet harmoniously united.

Were the mental powers and experiences less extraordinary, the story would lose a chief element of interest. Were they united and blended with a less masterly hand, the mind would be oppressed with a sense of incongruity.

As it is, the author holds his audience in the closest contact with the ghostly element, without the aid of weird music and the shimmer of green light.

Whatever other objections might be brought, it is obvious that against this story no charge of want of unity could be sustained. Nothing is allowed to interrupt its unbroken sequence.

There are no chapters beginning with the often repeated "We must now take the reader," "the reader will remember," &c., &c. From this very fact the plot may be most briefly stated.

A young and beautiful woman marries a learned man, old enough to be her father. He, impelled by those longings from which, in the early colonial times, no class was exempt, determined to emigrate to Massachusetts, and sends his wife, Hester Prynne, on to the new world before him. For some years no tidings of the absent husband reached her in her new home. She meets Arthur Dimmesdale, a young clergyman, fresh from Europe, and apparently endowed with all the attributes of manhood embellished and heightened by the ornate culture of the old universities; but he also possesses passions which when aroused he is unable to control. They form a mutual attachment, and, blinded by passion, fall. It is at length impossible longer to conceal the secret, for a daughter is born. Hester Prynne is then condemned by the stern edict of the Puritan Fathers to stand for three hours on the platform of the pillory, and, as a symbol of her disgrace and shame, to wear on her bosom a scarlet letter for the remainder of her life. She is brought forth, and, amid the solemn silence of all, is placed upon that instrument of torture which, unlike the rack and cross of the Spanish Inquisition, burns into the sinews and rends asunder the tendons of the soul, leaving it blacker and more frightfully deformed than before.

While she is undergoing this terrible ordeal, her husband appears on the scene.

Secretly determining to devote the remainder of his life to a demoniacal revenge, by a sign he enjoins silence upon her.

He ingratiates himself with the people, and by his learning and skill in medicine, installs himself under the same roof with his victim, whom he has not been long in discovering. The health of Arthur Dimmesdale has for

some months been declining. The unsuspecting clergyman has not sufficient penetration and worldly sagacity to discover in the physician his mortal enemy, the man whom of all men he has most grievously wronged.

To the load of guilt under which he is struggling is added the subtle influence of this man's blighting presence. The physician soon learns the mental infirmities of his victim, and tortures him from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, until seven weary years filled with thirst for revenge and the deepest hypocrisy on the one side, and with struggles against temptation rather than true repentance on the other, have left the one a moral, and the other a physical and, perhaps, a moral wreck. All come to see that the young minister, who is idolized by his parishioners, is slowing sinking to an early grave. Yet only two suspect the cause.

Hester determines to save him; to warn him against the deadly foe who, sheltered by the closest ties of friendship, stands so near. She meets the clergyman in the forest, and there reveals to him the name of him who for seven years has devoted the energies of body and soul to working out a purpose none the less devilish because its victim had cursed himself with a life-long sin. She urges him to fly from an influence so pernicious, so fatal to him here and hereafter. He hesitates; he is but the shadow of his former self; he fears to push out into the dark, stern world *alone*. Their old love, which had never been dead, but had only slumbered, returns upon them with overwhelming power. In reply to his despondent exclamation, "Alone, Hester!" she replies in a deep whisper, "Thou shalt not go alone."

But Providence has otherwise ordered it. Before they can put their plan into execution, the time arrives for the clergyman to preach the annual election sermon.

The occasion, the installation of the colonial officers, is no ordinary one.

Nor is the sermon such as has ever been heard in the colony. Never before had they listened to such lofty and impassioned eloquence. Then Arthur Dimmesdale, with the burning words of his last and mightiest appeal to God yet warm upon his lips; with the throes of his more than human eloquence yet agitating his frame; with an answer to his last and holiest prayer; and with the terrible consciousness of approaching dissolution urging him forward in the path of duty, moves on, until, with Hester and her child, he stands upon the platform of the pillory, and battling with death, confesses all—then dies.

The effect produced by the perusal of this story is peculiar. While the imagination is delighted, the judgment hesitates. We feel as though we had just awakened from a vision which might be a glimpse, either into the unexplored depths of our own natures, or into the yet gloomier chambers of the Lower World.

Yet, when we attempt to analyze this impression, and trace it to its source, we shall find no statement of which the explanation involves the preternatural. Indeed, the facts being admitted, the explanations commend themselves, not only as adequate, but as reasonable.

And the facts must be admitted; for in the main they are history. It is, then, the analysis of motives and experiences that leaves upon us this strange impression. In truth, the story is a popular lecture on the possibilities of internal human experience; an exposition of what the condition of a soul might be which should rashly attempt to make an incursion into the infinitudes of mental and moral philosophy.

It is a warning that we hold ourselves under a calm but rigorous self-control.

Few of us have not read that remorse is the offspring of sin. But what the bitterest remorse is, many of us have no knowledge until we have committed some well-nigh fatal error.

Hawthorne enables us to live, in the life of another, experiences by which we can hardly fail to profit.

These experiences are made accessible to us by introduction to the secret workings of a mind, rather than by an enumeration of its characteristics. Without the medium of an explanation, we see, through the illusions of outward conduct, the substratum of feelings, emotions and passions.

Yet in this work the author's strength lies, not in the delineation of character, but in his wondrous power and fertility of imagination and his deep insight into human nature in its extremest aspects. Add to this the purity, elegance and, if I may be allowed to use the word, the *elasticity* of his style; for with no change of style perceptible to the ordinary reader, he traverses the widest ranges of thought, feeling, and emotion without once betraying an inconsistency of style.

It might, however, be well to qualify this, by the remark that in the introduction to this work he employs one or two words of which both Worcester and Webster confess ignorance.

To attempt to show, by extracts, any excellence of this story, except that of style, would be futile, and one must suffice for that.

Hester, having revealed to Arthur Dimmesdale the name and purpose of the old doctor, counsels him to throw off the incubus which weighs him down, and escape. He appeals to her to advise him. She replies: "Is the world, then so narrow? Doth the universe lie within the compass of yonder town, which only a little time ago was but a leaf-strewn desert, as lonely as this around us? Whither leads yonder forest track? Backward to the settlement thou sayest! Yes; but onward, too! Deeper it goes and deeper into the wilderness, less plainly to be seen at every step; until, some few miles hence, the yellow leaves will show no vestige of the white man's tread. There thou art free! . . . Then there is the broad pathway to the sea," continued Hester. "It brought thee hither. If thou so choose, it will bear thee back again. . . . Leave this wreck and ruin here where it hath happened. Meddle no more with it. Begin all anew. Hast thou exhausted possibility in the failure of this one trial? Not so. The future is yet full of trial and success. There is happiness to be enjoyed. There is good to be done."

WOMAN.

INTELLECTUAL woman combines all the qualities to make her the pride of the social and domestic circles and an ornament to the literature of her country. Her mind is richly endowed by nature with quickness, penetration and fancy, which unite and make, with the aid of education, the loveliest character.

Let her native powers be fully developed by a proper course of study and discipline, and her mind will display a boldness and steadiness in the investigation of truth that will astonish and confound while it charms and fascinates the beholder.

Man may have an intellect of more strength and profundity, with greater powers of combination, yet in many high mental qualities woman may be ranked his equal. The greater disparity is the effect of education.

The mind improves in strength and vigor by careful exercise. While the system of female education caries the pupil barely through the epitomes of science and literature, the mind of the male student is led along the classic streams of ancient learning to gather the richest pearls of poetry and eloquence, and conducted through the recondite labyrinths of science and philosophy, to arm it with the wisdom and lore of sages. Look on the true picture. What but inferiority in their manifestations of intellect could be expected?

We here allude to the systems pursued in the common female schools of the country.

It was long the disgrace of man that he frowned on the cultivation and expansion of the female mind, and indeed, for centuries, the keen scymetar of his wit and ridicule, or the rod of his physical strength, banished from the field of intellectual honors the aspirations of woman.

Man esteemed her for the usefulness of her labors; he loved her for the softness of her beauty and the purity of her heart. Her voice was the magic strain of melody; her personal charms were the peerless models of loveliness and grace, yet the wing of her genius was the callow pinion of the eaglet, and her eye of thought but the sally-port of attractive listlessness and delicate fatuity. In the domestic circle she was a queen of love and beauty; but her glories vanished in the cloister of study.

When seated at the social altar she was the light of its worshipers; but on the wing of thought her charms were lost in her mental imbecility. "She was Venus with the graces and the magic cestus; not Minerva, bursting from the head of Olympic Jove in celestial armor."

Such was once the station of woman in the estimation of man. The age of these errors has partially passed away. It is only in the sentiment of the ignorant and penurious that the true development of female mind meets with an antagonist.

The progressive improvement of mankind in morals — the glorious effect of the Christian religion — has produced this salutary change in public opinion.

Her mind has been freed from many fetters, and her pathway of fame and usefulness strewn with golden fruits and richest gems. Her labors have enhanced every department of literature; her fancy has thrown over the charms of poetry and romance the richness of genius; the purity of her heart and the delicacy of her taste have shed a divine influence on morals and manners and in the abstruse sciences of mind and matter, her powers of investigation have added new charms to truth. Public sentiment will now do her character and talents ample justice. Let no young lady falter in her efforts. Let her advance with a steady step and eye to her high destiny. Will she not forego the charms of home, and the blandishments of fashion and its sister delusion, to make herself an ornament of the literature of our country, and the means of much usefulness to mankind? The duties of her sphere demand the aid of intelligence and taste in their perfect fulfilment.

It may be true that woman was not designed to enter the fierce conflicts of "politics," or to lead armies to battle on the tented field. It belongs to her to fix the principle and character of the rising generation; to enkindle in the young mind the spark of emulation; to infuse into the infant bosom the inspirations of patriotism and integrity; to enrich the soil of the tender heart with moral truths, and sow the seeds of piety in infancy, for a golden harvest of godliness in old age; to aid in forming the manners and morals of the age, to elevate and adorn its literature, and to lend all the charms of her mind to the advancement of our blessed religion. To fill this faint picture of her duties, she should be an excellent moralist, a sound philosopher, a finished scholar and a pious Christian. While her charms allure and bewilder the affections, her mind ought to exalt the sentiments and designs of mankind.

Let her mind be well stored with the truths of science and wisdom, and the emotions of her tender heart mellowed with the beams of gospel piety, and she will be a "ministering angel" to erring man, and a wise mentor at the cradle of infant genius and ambition. Her enlightened charity will send the crumbs of comfort into the humble cells of poverty and woe; her gifted *will* shed the light of truth and virtue on the secret haunts of vice and wickedness. Let every parent then, educate his daughters. Let the trammels be broken from around them, and they will spring aloft with elevated pride!

"And eagle-winged,
The heights of science and virtue gain,
Where all is calm and clear."

S.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

THE attention of all interested in collegiate education has been recently called to the matter of college secret societies; and considerable discussion has been awakened by the sad death of Mortimer Leggett, of the Freshman class of Cornell University, while undergoing the initiation ceremonies of one of their secret societies.

That his death was purely accidental, is now generally admitted. It is the general opinion, too, that his death was caused by extreme and almost inexcusable carelessness. In fact, Prof. Wilder went so far as to denounce the verdict of the coroner's jury as incomplete, for not calling attention to the exceeding carelessness. His article in regard to the subject of secret societies, published in the New York *Tribune*, condemns, in the strongest language, secret organizations of every character.

The question of the utility of college secret societies is a very important one, especially for those colleges which as yet are not blest with them. BATES has none, and we sincerely hope the time is far distant when she will suffer them to be established here. There is certainly a demand for an enlarged number of *active* members in both our literary societies. And we should be sorry indeed to see the supply, at present too small, diminished from any cause.

Those colleges in which the secret society system has become firmly established, of course uphold the system. But it is a significant fact that the younger colleges, controlled by men who are graduates of the older colleges, and thoroughly acquainted with the advantages and disadvantages of secret societies, are taking a decided stand against the system. And, until the advantages of the system become more apparent and its good fruits more abundant, we believe that an unequivocal opposition to the establishing of secret societies is the true policy for our younger colleges.

President White of Cornell University, in his recent annual address to the students, presented a number of arguments for and against the secret-society system. He referred to the argument of Chancellor Crosby of New York City, as the best summary he had ever seen against the system. In closing he said:—

"Now I appeal to the members of every society, in their own interest, in the memory of their dead comrade, as men, apart from all the folly that connects itself with what may come in these societies, to throw aside all that is unworthy—all that is unworthy of you as men. Show that you are fit to go forth into this, the most interesting time the world has ever known, to

take part in the struggles of the world. Be at once determined to carry out these reforms here, there is no better school to learn to carry out reforms at a later period. If you cannot do it, come out as a man, stand forth in your dignity, shake off the alliance. Depend upon it, you will respect yourselves until the last day you live, and others will respect you.

"And to students at large, let me say, I have not had the heart to blame the young men who were connected with the society which has been most frequently in your thoughts during these last two weeks. If I have ever been sorry for any body of young men, I have been sorry for them. Perhaps some of them know whether members of the faculty or of their fellow students have been their best friends. I have not had the heart to add one drop of bitterness to their cup, especially when General Leggett spoke in such a noble and Christian way—as not one man in a thousand would have spoken. I appeal to you all alike, members of societies and those who are not members of societies, discuss the question of society as you may, but discuss it in such a way that your discussion shall be fruitful. Mere noise and declamation will accomplish nothing."

At the close of his remarks he read the following resolutions, which had been unanimously passed by the authorities of the University.

"*Resolved*, That no secret society shall be allowed to be established or remain in the University which shall not be shown to the satisfaction of the faculty to be favorable to scholarship, good order and morality, and to be free from all initiation or other rules, ceremonies or proceedings, dangerous, degrading, or unworthy of gentlemen and members of an institution of learning.

"*Resolved*, That no student be allowed to become or to remain a member of any society publicly condemned by the faculty; and no person shall receive an honorable dismission or any degree, who shall not, at the time of applying for the same, satisfy the faculty that he has not violated this rule.

"*Resolved*, That no association of students for the mere purpose of initiation, or mock societies, shall be allowed in this University; and that any student who shall join any such association or mock society, knowing it to be such, or engage in any of its initiation proceedings, or in any proceedings of the nature of mock initiation, shall be suspended or expelled from the University.

"*Resolved*, That nothing contained in these resolutions shall be held to restrict the faculty from further action regarding college societies of various sorts, should the present action be found ineffectual."

——We wish to say a word in regard to the editorial, "Woman in College," printed in our October number. Some have asserted that the editorial did not represent the general opinion of the College, and have expressed themselves apprehensive lest the policy of the College, in the matter discussed, should be misunderstood. That the editorial was not an expression of the views of the College authorities, and of many of our students, we are well

aware, but we cannot believe that the policy of our College in regard to the matter of co-education will be misunderstood on account of the publishing of the editorial in question. The firm and decided stand taken by the College from the first year of its existence till the present time, certainly cannot, or at least ought not, to be mistaken. Every one knows that BATES was the first of our New England colleges to open her doors to women. Every one should know that it is the policy of the College to keep her doors open to women until good reasons for their being closed shall have been presented.

It is generally understood that the contents of the *Editors' Portfolio* are expressions of the opinions of the College authorities and of the majority of the students. This is not always the case. The *Portfolio* is not restricted in any respect. The editors are expected to have such love for the reputation of their College as would prevent their publishing anything which would be detrimental to her interests. In exposing abuses and suggesting reforms the editors are supposed to be guided by their best judgment, biased only by a love for their College. This does not prevent the editors publishing articles expressive of their peculiar views, even should those views not be generally held. When, however, the policy of the college in regard to any particular subject is settled, editorial views, if antagonistic to such policy, should be regarded as editorial and not as representing the opinions of the college authorities. Such was the case in respect to the editorial "Woman in College." All must understand what the policy of BATES is in the matter of co-education. The fears, then, of those who are apprehensive lest the policy of the College should be misunderstood on account of the publishing of such an editorial, appear to us entirely groundless.

—It is well understood, we hope, that THE STUDENT is open to contributions from all of the students, alumni, and friends of the College. While we are grateful to all for their liberal contributions thus far, we would especially invite the attention of the students to the need of even more liberal contributions. We do this, first, because we believe it is for their own interest. One design of college magazines is to give its students a chance for more extensive practice in writing than is required, or even afforded, in the ordinary college course. Hence all students of literary tastes should gladly accept this special opportunity afforded them for literary culture. And they should not wait till the Junior and Senior years, but should exercise their pen during the first years of the college course. By this practice they would not only be benefited as writers, but would feel more interested in the magazine.

Another reason why students should write more for college magazines is, that such papers ought to show the people what "college boys" think about. They represent, to a greater or less extent, the mental vigor of the college; they tell the tale of college life, and show what colleges are doing for the world. But a few editors, or one class, cannot fairly represent the whole

college. It needs free and generous contributions from alumni and underclassmen to make the columns of a college magazine what they should be. It needs such contributions, not only to fully represent the college and its interests, but to give variety and interest to the magazine. It must be evident to all that it is not the duty of the editors of a college magazine to spend their time in soliciting articles from the students. All should feel free and willing to contribute. Let the editors have a large number of articles to select from, and a college magazine cannot fail to be interesting to its readers, profitable to the students, and a true index to the doings and thoughts of the college, whose interests it is bound to maintain.

——"Owing to a range of mountains in the left field, the playing in that quarter was somewhat obstructed. Briggs and Payson, however, took two difficult flies there, in both cases the 'dead-red' being just distinguishable over the highest peak."

Such is the closing paragraph in *The Orient's* account of the game played by the Bowdoin and BATES nines on the grounds of the latter, October 18th. That good playing was exhibited on both sides, no one who witnessed the game will deny. That Bowdoin was badly beaten, all, who examine the score as given in our *Items*, must acknowledge. BATES has not so good a ground as Bowdoin, but to attribute the loss of the game to the inequalities of the ground equally disadvantageous to both nines, may console some while it amuses others. Especially will this be so when we remember that the "range of mountains in the left field," where Briggs and Payson "took two difficult flies, in both cases the 'dead red' being just distinguishable over the highest peak," happen to be in the *right* field where BATES did not strike a ball during the entire game.

The result of the game was equally surprising to both parties; Bowdoin, at the outset, feeling confident of victory, and BATES hoping, at best, to secure only a respectable beat. The game was certainly better played and more exciting than the one played a year ago on the Bowdoin ground, when the score stood 25 for Bowdoin to 19 for BATES.

ODDS AND ENDS.

AND —— as heretofore intimated.

A few of our students put some apparatus in the gymnasium buildings, not long since, but some *cowherd*, we are told, removed the same.

Absent minded — that Senior who, when called up in Mental Philosophy, recited an eloquent passage from De Tocqueville's Democracy in America.

At the second lecture of the Students' Course, two young men stepped up to the ticket office and pompously demanded two *reversed* seats. Orders were promptly issued to the ushers to reverse a couple of seats.

A Freshman went late to a class prayer meeting the other evening, and, misapprehending the nature of the assembly, called out: "Mr. Chairman, I move that a committee of three be appointed to superintend the rush," but he was promptly called to order.— *Yale Record.*

A certain professor, whose chin was wont to be graced by a flowing beard, has lately returned, shorn of every vestige of his hirsute appendage. A Soph., meeting the aforesaid Prof., after a prolonged stare, and with a knowing wink to his Senior companion, burst out with: "By Jove, that's the hardest looking Freshman I've seen yet!" — *Cornell Era.*

A Freshman sends us the following translation of Mary's little lamb: as we wish always to encourage rising genius, we publish it without a struggle: The following is our only pastoral poem of the nineteenth century, transposed from the metric to the prose order. Mary was the proprietor of a diminutive, incipient sheep, whose outward covering was as devoid of color as congealed atmospheric vapor, and to all localities to which Mary perambulated, her young Southdown was morally certain to follow. It tagged her to the dispensary of learning one diurnal section of time, which was contrary to all precedent, and excited the cachinnation of the Seminary attendants, when they perceived the presence of a young mutton at the establishment for instruction. Consequently the preceptor expelled him from the interior, but he continued without fretfulness until Mary once more became visible. "What caused this specimen of the genus ovis to bestow so much affection on Mary?" the impetuous progeny vociferated. "Because Mary reciprocated the wool-producer's esteem, you understand," the preceptor answered.— *Cornell Times.*

College Items.

THE long-looked-for *Amherst Student* has come at last.

How many books can a single student take from the College library at one time?

The Prize Declamations of the Freshman Class came off Friday evenings, Oct. 24th and 31st. The prize was awarded to B. S. Hurd.

On the 18th of October the Bowdoin College Nine, accompanied by fifty or sixty of their fellow students, marched with "gay and gallant tread" up College street, to the ground of the Bates Nine, where a game was played by the two nines. The game was very interesting and very close. We append the score.

BATES.	O.	R.
Burr, c.	2	3
Noble, p.	3	2
Oakes, s. s.	4	1
Hall, 1. b.	3	1
Whitney, 2d b.	3	1
Adams, 3d b.	3	2
Clason, l. f.	3	2
Fuller, c. f.	2	1
Clason, r. f.	4	0
	27	13

BOWDOIN.	O.	R.
Whitmore, c.	2	1
Wheeler, 2d b.	5	0
Fuller, p.	3	1
Briggs, 1 b.	4	1
Wright, s. s.	3	2
Gerry, 3d b.	3	1
Payson, l. f.	3	0
Stephenson, r. f.	2	1
Sanford, c. f.	2	0
	27	7

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bates	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	9	—13
Bowdoin	1	1	0	2	1	1	0	1	0	— 7

Scorers — Bates, L. M. Palmer, '75. Bowdoin, W. Alden, '76. Umpire — M. Hamlin, Lewiston.

All the students agree in saying that they had a delightful time at the President's levee, Oct. 30th.

We have received, since our last issue, two excellent publications from Cornell University — *The Cornell Review* and *The Cornell Times*.

An effort is making in England to meet by subscription the expenses of the recent action brought by the excluded lady students, against the University of Edinburgh.

Mr. Froude is said to have cleared nearly £1,000 by his American lecture tour. He also gained the distinction of being entered in the Cornell Register as "Lecturer on English History."

The Finance Committee of Michigan University has reported as follows: Total receipts, $124,456.56; total disbursements, $134,568.52. The estimates for the year ending June 30, 1874, are: Receipts, $107,050.71; disbursements, $106,087.50. This estimate is made on the basis of the 1-20 mill appropriation being made available next spring.

Resolutions passed by the Sophomore class of Bates College on the death of CLARENCE L. COFFIN, who died of typhoid fever, at his home in Auburn, October 8th.

Whereas it has pleased God to remove from us and take to himself our classmate, CLARENCE LEROY COFFIN,

Resolved, That we feel in our hearts the deepest pain and sorrow at being bereft of one in whom we recognized the characteristics of a faithful scholar, a sincere friend, and a true Christian.

Resolved, That to the family we offer our warmest sympathies in this deep affliction.

Resolved, That we wear the customary badge of mourning for the usual time.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and published in the BATES STUDENT and the *Lewiston Journal*.

E. WHITNEY,
B. H. YOUNG,
E. R. GOODWIN, } *Committee.*

At a special meeting of the Eurosophian Society, held Oct. 15th, the following resolutions were adopted.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in his Providence to remove from our Society, by death, our beloved brother, CLARENCE LEROY COFFIN,

Resolved, That we feel the deepest sorrow at the loss of one whose genial disposition, manly virtues, consistent Christian life, and sincere devotedness to the interests of our Society, had endeared him to us all.

Resolved, That to the family in their deep affliction we offer our heartfelt sympathies.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and published in the BATES STUDENT and the *Lewiston Journal*.

H. W. CHANDLER,
H. F. GILES,
O. W. COLLINS, } *Committee.*

E. C. ADAMS, *Secretary*.

Resolutions passed by the Freshman class of Bates College on the death of HUESTUS J. RICE, who died of typhoid fever, in this city, October 12th.

Whereas it has been the will of God that our classmate, HUESTUS J. RICE, should be removed from us,

Resolved, That we feel in our hearts the deepest regret and sorrow at being bereft of one in whom we recognized the characteristics of a faithful scholar, a sincere friend, and a true Christian.

Resolved, That to the family and friends we extend our warmest sympathies in this their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That we wear the customary badge of mourning for the usual time.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, and published in the BATES STUDENT and *Lewiston Journal.*

A. W. POTTER,
N. P. NOBLE,
E. H. PATTEN, } *Committee.*

The Polymnian Society, at a special meeting, adopted the following resolutions in regard to the death of HUESTUS J. RICE:—

Whereas an all-wise Providence has removed from us one of our number, HUESTUS J. RICE, therefore—

Resolved, That, in his removal, we, the members of the Polymnian Society, deeply feel the loss of one of our members, already endeared to us by fraternal ties, strong though of short duration.

Resolved, That his uniform Christian kindness and noble endeavor to answer life's great end, commend themselves to us as worthy of emulation.

Resolved, That we extend to his sorrowing friends our heartfelt sympathies in this time of mutual affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in the BATES STUDENT, and sent to the relatives of the deceased.

M. A. WAY,
A. T. SALLEY,
B. S. HURD, } *Committee.*

E. H. BESSE, *Secretary.*

Alumni Notes.

'70.—W. E. C. Rich is Professor of Greek and Latin in New Hampton (N. H.) Institution.

71.—G. W. Flint is Principal of Lebanon Academy, Lebanon, Me.

'72.—J. A. Jones is studying Civil Engineering with Reade & Moore, of this city.

'73.—C. B. Reade is studying law with Frye, Cotton & White, of this city.

'73.—L. R. White is temporary assistant in the Lewiston High School.

Class of 1867.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Eds.]

Wood, Harrison French.—Born February 15th, 1840, at Vienna, Me. Son of Asa and Betsey B. Wood.

After leaving College, taught two terms at Lapham Institute, North Scituate, R. I.

1868, Became Principal of "Dirigo Business College," Augusta, Maine. Occupied the position one year and a half.

1869, Chaplain at "United States Military Asylum for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers." Collected a Library of two thousand volumes, and fitted up a Reading Room for soldiers. They were afterwards named "Wood Library" and "Wood Reading Room."

1870–71, Student in the Theological School at Bates College.

1872, Ordained and installed Pastor of Free Baptist Church at West Waterville, Me.

Married, June 2d, 1873, to Miss Mary E. Taylor of Winslow, Me.

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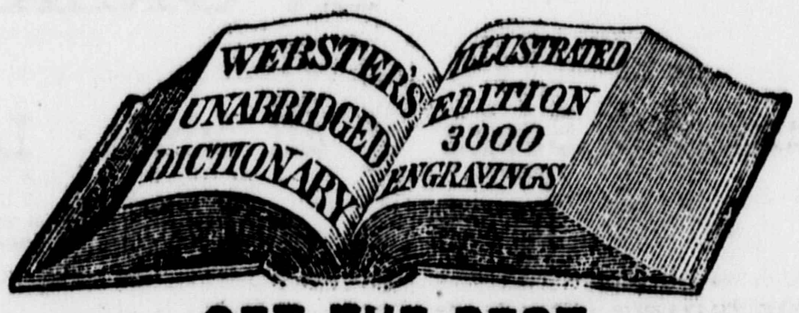

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